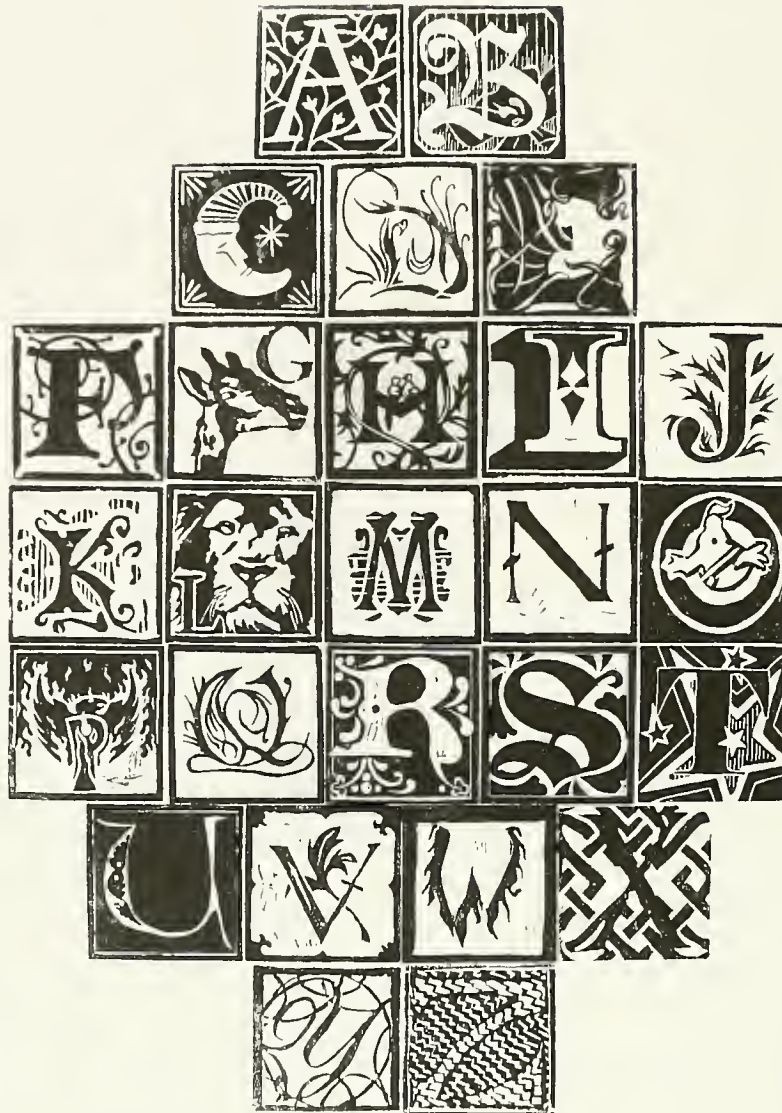


{ART IS _____.}

(THE 2007 IVY LEAVES PUBLICATION)



Title: Alphabet

Artist: Maggie Erwin, Amber Dumas, Bonnie West,
Hillary Stewart, Bob Green, Travis Selman, Barbara
Ervin, Dorian Gunnels, Karen Wallace, Melissa
Johnson, Hanna Kowlowski, Luan Jenkins

Medium: Printmaking

INTRODUCTION & TABLE OF CONTENTS

Art is a word heard often on the campus of Anderson University. Whether it be visual, literary, or music — art is everywhere within the walls of AU's buildings. Ivy Leaves strives to encompass the best representation of that art as possible. From the artists whose creations make it on to the pages of Ivy Leaves to the literary editors and graphic designers who put it together, this publication becomes a keystone in the memories of those involved long after they leave Anderson University. It is a tangible representation of the talent refined by their time at the university and a way to leave their mark. However, the goal of Ivy Leaves is ultimately less for the recognition of its artists and more for its audience. Art, in any form, is meant to strike some reaction in those who experience it. Ivy Leaves takes the art of Anderson University beyond the walls and beyond the grounds in hopes of extending that experience both for the artist and the audience.

-Jessica Sopolosky

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Jessica Sopolosky
Charlie Grant
Phyllis Goins

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On the sidewalk a pair
of nude shoes lie, the first on its side
and a few yards down the other
is upright as if preparing to receive
the slender foot at any moment.

I wonder since the day is breaking
if she is somewhere bowing, being pious
for whatever undertaking left her
taper-toed pumps lying half in light
and half in the shadow of the gallery,

as if through this mystery she is teaching
what gives the dying hope its start—
that leaving things behind is an art.

Title: Early Morning Sunday
Artist: Maghan Lusk

Comment: This poem was inspired by
a pair of expensive shoes abandoned
outside of the National Gallery of Art
in Washington, DC.

Amidst the waves our ship was torn,
a vessel full of most forlorn
hope, soldiers borne of adventure.
Mighty waves and terrible winds
struck with such force, I can't begin
proper descriptions of how our
salty knees trembled that hour
of judgment upon choices
which were not from our voices
cursed upon this tenderfoot venture.

Tragic fate held me testament
to the plight of one whose vestment
held the scars of but a single
voyage on this unforgiving
main, which feasts upon us living.
Poor soul, clutching the foremast line,
his hopes, future, very life mine
own property to take and give
him as I chose fit. To let live
heart and compassion must mingle.

Thus as I watched his countenance
disappear with my hesitance
chiefest among all the reasons
for him choosing here as his port.
Now hungry schools of fish shall sport
this spot for communal dining
for a solemn feast of pining.
Young blood washed away by the tide,
crimes of a faltering mind hide
beneath brine, this brother's treason.

Title: The Privateer
Artist: Charlie Grant



Comment: I try to push my art in a meaningful and contemporary direction, often finding myself addressing subjects of identity & opposing forces.

Title: Withered 4, Reverse
Artist: David Slone
Medium: Stoneware, Raku Fired

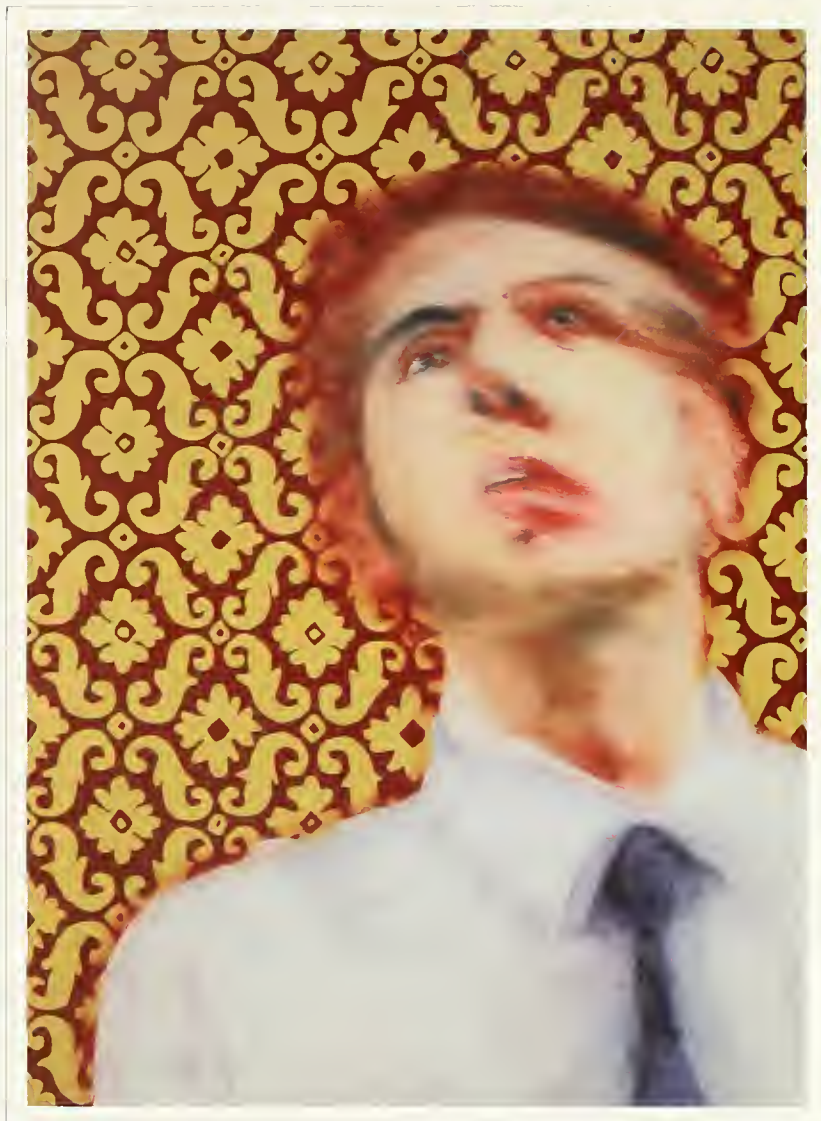
SCULPTURE



Title: Tall Lidded Vase
Artist: Diana Morrow
Medium: Stoneware



Title: Untitled
Artist: Molly Mudd
Medium: Digital Photography



Comment: My work in painting has developed into a balance of pattern and portrait, of structure and chaos, of beauty and repulsion.

Title: Pious Infidelity
Artist: David Slone
Medium: Oil on Canvas

POETRY

Goethe's defense of his faith in God

To my dear friend, Klettenberg,

When in the face of doubt I look,
I see the face of God, the staring
Eyes of the human soul, with paring
Shears to trim my heart of all that shook
My steadfast faith and took
My eyes from Nature's portrait, bearing
Likeness more than Eucharist, and sharing
More divine amenities than ever written in a Holy Book.
And you, dear friend, must never doubt
That Heavenward my heart is fixed, with
Open mouth that does resound the
Deepest hope that Nature's myth
Does tell a story true, that the God without
The chapel walls now sits upon the zenith.

Title: To Klettenberg

Artist: Phyllis Goins

The cloud, thick and rolling,
swallowed me whole;
and I am alone looking

over the ledge into the seemingly endless fog
I almost want to fall face-first into,

but I don't. The cold rock beneath me
becomes soft and fluid.
Swathed within this cloud,
I don't know where to step.
the million-year-old granite,
once unmovable, is now unsteady,
changing with the breeze.

And here I am,
engulfed in obscurity,
somewhere between rapture
and the earth I have forgotten.

Title: Engulfed

Artist: Jessica Sopolosky

Comment: I wrote this poem after I stood at the edge of Stone Mountain in Georgia and literally got lost in a cloud of fog.

I have spent my entire life in a 120 by 85 feet grid.
Each day spent the same, in repetition of my craft.

Soon, however, the white lights will fade
my name no longer echoed out in the loudspeakers.

This jersey I wear will be taken off, not in
celebration but to be matted and hung on the wall.

This is not just the turning of the page
but the closing of a book, no more to be written.

Tomorrow will come with nowhere to be, no
meeting with my first love. My feet will not know

Their purpose and my fingers will be left to find
new prints in this world.

How does one spend endless hours
when the have only lived

90 minutes at a time?

Title: The End Of My Soccer Career
Artist: Stephen Henderson

Would I go back in time?

Say to twenty-one.

Not on your life, because
I had not begun.

Me was there from the moment
of birth.

Waiting on some revelation of
life to unearth.

Me fought myself, my elders,
my peers, then took on the
world amidst many tears.

Instead of winning the battles
of life, me was constantly in
strife.

Me died some time ago.

I, in me's place, continues to grow.

Title: Me or I
Artist: Judi Stephens Harris

The crunching gravel welcomes my feet,
Marching them up the drive to the flat,
Red brick house—the king of the mountain.
That rusty swing-set sings sweet memories,
And the air smells of skinned knees and hide-and-seek.

I think she will break if I hug her too hard,
Though her frail bones still seem stronger than me.
Cookies beckon me from the oven and sweet tea puckers
My lips, as laughing grandkids run around the hearth, crashing
Into my shins—out the window, weeds speak of work undone.
Four o'clock brings only silence now.
Granddaddy's faded, dusty black truck sits motionless
In the garage—a boulder as strong as he was.

But her eyes, in a different language,
Tell familiar old stories that will never be lost,
And speak of the wonders of that healing sweet tea.

Title: Healing Sweet Tea
Artist: Brandon Clements

Staring downward at this round ceramic disk,
She knows that a ceramic disk is all it is.
It's her parent's fault, for teaching her its uses.
Its society's fault, for teaching her it's wrong.

It's been smashed, broken, cracked,
And then put back together.
She had ideas of grandeur.
Hope and wants of getting better,
turning back, and trying to be healthy.

Then the gain of a pound would occur,
Or two, or as much as five
And the plate became broken again.

Now the plate is put back together
With bolts and screws. It sits
In front of her as an icon.
Mottos scribbled and strewn
across it as a constant reminder:

That nothing tastes as good as thin feels.

Title: Quid me nutrite, me destruit
(What nourishes me, destroys me)
Artist: Rachel Runion

Comment: This poem began as a response to Nathan Cox's exhibit entitled "Eating Dis-Order"; and then became something more personal.

POETRY

The sound of my footsteps echo in lonely ears
as I pace across the barren room.
Half past six
a quarter till...
Thoughts fly through my mind like bullets on a battlefield
perhaps this is my second chance-to live.

The shadows come out to play
as the fiery sun lays down his head to rest.
Six fifty-nine
Seven o'clock...
I hear the bells chime gleefully from a nearby church tower.
They make me sick with their joyful notes.

Comment: When writing this poem, the author imagined a lady in an abandoned building waiting for the man who promised to change her life. She has experienced many heartaches and lives in the moment—only waiting for someone to save her.

The floor creaks under my unsteady high-heeled shoes.
I listen intently, straining, for—nothing.
Seven o’five
The seconds tick by...
Suddenly, a frantic siren screams making my heart pound like a hammer.
I watch as an ambulance and its entourage race by my forsaken alley.

Ten after seven.
A few minutes more...
I turn away from the window—hopeless
with the full knowledge of a broken promise.
My heart cries out against its own revelation.
He’s not coming.

Seven fifteen.
The world walks in silence.
Clutching my worn out coat, I turn to leave
taking one last look at the dying sunset.
Ashamed, I wipe tears from my face and close the door softly behind me.
He wasn’t so different after all.

Title: Savior

Artist: Kristina Johnson

I'll tell you my plan, if you swear not to laugh.
I'll quit my old job and I'll build a small raft.
And on that small raft I would drift on the blue
Till I found a small island that nobody knew.

On that small island I'd live for a while;
I'd build a small hut, hunt and fish in the wild,
And when I had finished exploring there,
I'd build a balloon that could fly through the air.

On that balloon I would higher ascend,
Enjoying the view as I sailed with the wind.
I'd land on a glacier somewhere in Peru,
Then hike down the mountain and buy a canoe.

With that canoe I would drift down the stream
Till it joined with the river and rapids extreme.
The insects are frightful, it rains everyday,
But my compass and river would show me the way.

I'd reach the Atlantic and there I might find
Some diving equipment someone left behind.
I'd walk on the floor of the ocean below
And find pirate ships that were lost long ago.

I'd search on the seaside and there I'd obtain
The parts to assemble my new gyroplane.
It might take a week, working there on the sand,
But I soon would be flying to Far Away Lands.

It's a very long trip, full of danger and dread –
In order to fly I must keep a cool head.
The storm tears my plane and the lightning is near,
But the stars will shine brighter after it clears.

Title: My Plan

Artist: Anna Franklin

Comment: Written after a summer of reading adventure books and researching such topics as early flight and disappearing glaciers in the Andes, "My Plan" is a wistful dream to travel indefinitely without the confines of time and responsibility.



Title: Beyond Appearance

Artist: Bonnie West

Medium: Digital Photography

POETRY

Come, come, hurry now – the Night
And Mistress Moon do wane as we now speak,
Our words illuminated by Her whim.
Tonight there is more work for us, young one,
For we are bastard children of the Night
And Mistress Moon, and though we're mocked and scorned
By Sun and children He has blessed, they called
To us in need, and we did bade their call.
The Blight has brought us more to dig
And send to hell as only we can do –
The priests and fathers cannot purge these ones
For fear their hidden blotches grow from touch.

Father Dumas paid us well – you know the man,
Whose own white robe hides shame from Sun
And people who might find him sick and be forced
To call on us to send another down.
You 'member the man, eh Simeon, who called
You “dumb” or “witch” or whate'er slander he
Befit to mock you, and in turn, mock me?
We send him to the Lake of Fire tonight.
So spit upon this grave, so he might know
You have more mercy for him than he ever had
For you. That is what makes us different from them,
Eh, Simeon? As we, humble heroes for a town

That is ripe with plague, the mark of sin
On citizens of the Sun and the light they worship,
As we toil and work and hide the shame
From the Sun, they sleep and dream, and spread
Their filth to women of the Night and Moon.
But we of the Night, we do not fear
The Sun nor His pox on man and woman nor
Their child, for in the night, the spots of black
Are just as dark as spots of earth. And that
Dear Simeon, is our wage paid by Night, and Moon,
Whose love we feel against our backs tonight,
Shines brighter here than Sun had ever done for us.

Title: The Gravedigger's Sermon

Artist: Justin Jessel

I am a child of the universe.
I am a creature of the earth.
All that belongs to earth belongs to me,
for i am a part of the earth.
I was destined to be here.

I invite myself to soar over the tree tops,
to fly to the mountain.
I see the eagle surveying the world from his
eyrie, eye sharp and discerning.

I hear the water falling into crevices
beside green fern and mossy rocks,
the crash as loud as the crashing breakers
of the sea,
as swift as fish leaping for joy
in a mountain stream.

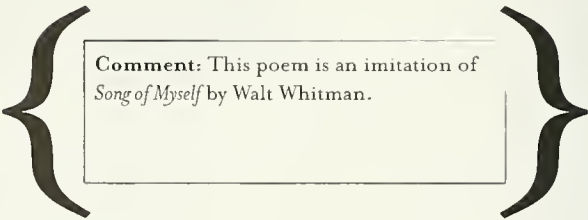
I hear cricket sing, crow shout his
displeasure.
I see frog under a leaf in the garden.
I discover mantis hidden in the cone flower.
I see sparrow perched in a vine,
spider hammocked in her web,
hummingbird mesmerized by a flower,
butterfly choreographing her wings to the
rhythm of the sun.

I listen for the call of the dove in the morning,
the haunting song of the mockingbird at night.
I walk the golden path of the moon across the sea
at sunset, savor the rosy glow of breaking day
at dawn.

I am mountain with hills and valleys no one sees.
I am eagle with clear sight and lofty vision.
I am water, flowing with ease and leaping for joy.
I am cricket and sparrow with songs to sing. I am
swift like hummingbird, secretive like mantis.
I am beauty like sunset of the sea. I am light
on the horizon at dawn.

I am a child of the universe.
I am all these things.
I was destined to be here.

Title: After Walt Whitman
Artist: Margaret Hayes



Comment: This poem is an imitation of
Song of Myself by Walt Whitman.



Comment: Art. The expression of my deepest feelings and personal values, mingled with the brushstrokes and the forms that they create on my canvas.

Title: Groaning Inwardly
(Waiting for the Redemption of my Body)
Artist: Hanna Kozłowski
Medium: Oil on Canvas



Comment: The purpose for this poster was to encapsulate the demeanor of the play, while still leaving mystery to intrigue the potential audience.

Title: Death of a Salesman

Artist: Robbie Cobb

Medium: Mixed Media

Awards: 1 Gold ADDY®, Greenville SC



STOMP Performs March 10-13 at The Peace Center

Tickets available at Ticketmaster.com or 708.451.800

Comment: The concept for this poster was to convey the energy and essence of what Stomp is all about. Showing that the show is all about movement, colors, and sound.

Title: Stomp

Artist: Joshua Rigsby

Medium: Mixed Media

Awards: Best In Show ADDY®, Greenville SC

1 Gold ADDY®, Greenville SC

1 Silver ADDY®, Third District

PAINTING



Title: Untitled
Artist: Jamie Moore
Medium: Oil on Canvas

Wet splinters and crusted barnacles scrape
At my heels as I tread carefully down the pier.
The air is thick here, like a sea-green scarf
Wrapping around me and keeping me warm.
Salt fills my nostrils and burns my tongue.
A bench waits at the edge, a fishing pole
Still struggling against the sea, a bucket
Brimming with pink chunky fluids and
White shattered bones stands beside the bench,
Its contents spilling over its edge onto the pier.
Gutted fish lie strewn about, stretching to
Touch my feet. There is no one else here.

Something bitter touches my tongue,
Almost making me wretch as I stare down
At the empty bench and full chum bucket.
My eyes turn to the sea, the waves drawn
To me, and further, the sea and the sky
Become intermingled and nondescript.
A chorus of hungry gulls caws at me
And snaps at my feet, looking to devour
All that is left on the dock, picking up
Pieces of unidentified meat in their beaks.
Sweat drips down to my lips, fighting
With the sea's own bitter mist.

Dark clouds looming overhead burst
And with the fury of a squall, the invisible line
Goes taunt, yearning like piano wire to
Kill something. The dim sun is swallowed
By the hungry sea; its waves crash against
The pier and knock me to my knees, forcing me
To stare into the unknown contents of
The chum bucket. I see something inside,
Like a darker part of me, or a severed hand.
The flesh comes to life and grasps at my throat.
I kick away the bucket and watch
A crab scurry out and off the edge of the pier.
Rain falls in slow steady drops like
A man to the gallows or the squad.
Those hollow footsteps echo back to me
As I stand alone on the pier.

Title: Chum Bucket

Artist: Justin Jessel

POETRY

I'm standing on pins
razor sharp needles
barb-wired suspensions
hanging by my
throat is burning,
my head beyond hurting...
heart, well it's struggling for
understanding of the Glory.

faith, death, predestination, free
will you answer my desires and let me sleep...

I can't sleep with ease, it's more of a disease
that steals the mind of uncertainty.
uncertainty?

You give and take on a heart worth breaking
a soul of negotiations
lawyers would bow down
to wear this crown
of total affirmation.
speech of mortal men raise me up, wait...what?
I've got it all wrong.

Lord, place this soul on top of the list
of prayers and thoughts of angels in the sky
lift my hands to the heavens on high
for the good, no organization could buy.
Grateful i am, speechless i am
in awe of the wonders of the Glory.
these pens and needles are the regeneration
on thoughts and feelings of a new creation.
but actions do speak louder than
words are the only thing keeping me breathing

faith, death, predestination, free
will you just answer my desires and let me sleep...
please let me sleep.

Title: Pins and Needles

Artist: Joshua Rigsby



Title: Untitled
Artist: Kelly Shaw
Medium: Colored Pen



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